

Robt Cooper

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

[The Spiritual Times, Saturday, January 13, 1866.

THE

SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND PRACTICAL USES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY.

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be.

No. 93, Vol. III.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1866.

PRICE 2d.

Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting us not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but the material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting; but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

THE DAVENPORTS IN IRELAND.

Our readers will naturally be interested in the doings of the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay in Ireland. It is a source of gratification to us to report success. On Thursday, January 4th, Mr. Cooper introduced them for the first time before a select Dublin audience consisting mostly of members of the Press and men of science. There was, as we might expect, intense sceptical interest displayed by some few persons present, but no "discovery" was made other than the one that human ingenuity is baffled in presence of the wonders of the mysterious cabinet and dark *séance*.

The press of Ireland, whatever else may be said of them, cannot be charged with unfairness in their manner of treating the mediums. We have several papers before us, each giving a faithful report of the phenomena which took place on the occasion of the first *séance* without one abusive word or manifest mis-statement. This is a good sign, which must be gratifying in no small measure to the mediums, and likewise to all who believe in the genuineness of their manifestations.

The *Freeman's Journal*, after describing the phenomena witnessed, sums up thus:—

It would be, perhaps, wearisome to go further into detail—suffice it to say that we witnessed last night the strangest and most unaccountable performance that could be thought of next to the sacred miracles. The Messrs. Davenport could not, certainly have had assistance in the cabinet from any human being whatever. It is nothing but a thin shell of wood placed upon three trestles, and all who wished could watch every outside part of it during the whole night. During the dark part of the performance Messrs. Fay and Davenport sat on the same floor as the audience, and within reach almost of a dozen of them. They certainly succeeded in astonishing all who had the pleasure of attending their *soiree* yesterday evening.

Here is an admission which may be placed to the account of Spiritualism. The other papers avoid comparisons of the kind, but lean to the idea of jugglery, even whilst they confess the whole affair past finding out. The *Irish Times* has the following sensible remarks to begin with:—

The Davenports, respecting whom so much has been written, have visited Dublin, and last evening held a *séance* in the Queen's Arms Hotel, Upper Sackville street. That they are possessed with mysterious power, bordering almost on the supernatural, would appear to be undoubted. The phenomena which they present astound the audience, and defy all efforts at discovery. It is better to abstain from the expression of any decided opinion as to the agency employed in the manifestations, and simply relate what one has witnessed. Many opinions respecting them have been formed, and some of an adverse character urged with a

degree of acerbity by the English press. Statements, too, have been made that their agency has been discovered, and that the manifestations produced were merely the efforts of successful conjurers. In that opinion few impartial persons can concur, and, certainly, none who were present at the *séance* last evening.

The writer here is evidently in a fix; he is too sensible to accept the mis-statements of the English press. He says "few impartial persons can concur" in the idea of jugglery; that the mediums' power borders on the supernatural, and concludes thus:—

Mystery of the darkest description pervades the entire performance to such an extent that the sceptical were almost induced to abandon scepticism and join in the very extravagant and absurd opinion that the phenomena presented were the result of a supernatural agency.

We trust the writer in the *Irish Times* will take other opportunities for investigation. He is evidently free from the rabid self-assumptions of many of his English brethren. He has, in his article, thrown jugglery overboard, and argued that the power of the mediums borders on the supernatural, and that it is "extravagant and absurd to suppose the phenomena are supernatural." There is food for thought here. The Brothers' power "borders on the supernatural," but are not supernatural because it would be "extravagant and absurd" to suppose such a thing. But the phenomena are not the result of jugglery. What then? They occur mysteriously enough, and not being the result of jugglery, must either be natural or supernatural. Which term does the *Irish Times* prefer? It matters little, providing the facts are admitted whether nature or supernature be accredited with the mystery. After all, may not the supernatural be an extension of the natural? We need not trouble ourselves about mere terms if we can agree upon facts. Since the *Irish Times* has overthrown the idea of jugglery, the Davenports can have no possible objection to its naturalism or supernaturalism. Once admit the honesty of the mediums, where will philosophy and reason carry it if not to the natural or the supernatural? The *Irish Times* is evidently "bordering" on Spiritualism.

Saunders's Newsletter and Daily Advertiser says of the first *séance*—

For three hours we were in an atmosphere so pervaded with mystery and wonder that long ere the performance was over we had given up all hope of finding the key to anything we saw.

The *Daily Express*, equally bewildered, goes on to say—

Much has been said and published at the surprising feats performed by these young men—and however prepared those present might have been to witness all that the most extravagant fancy could imagine—and notwithstanding the scepticism of many was openly expressed, the proceedings last evening eclipsed the anticipations of the most sanguine, staggered the prejudices of those the last to admit of supernatural agency, and evoked from all the most unequivocal and decided marks of approbation.

To account for them by ordinary laws of nature seem impossible, that a supernatural agency should be invoked common sense forbade believing, and the audience, while acknowledging

the unaccountable nature of the means employed, were content to express their astonishment and give the Brothers every credit for candour and extraordinary ability.

The *Daily Express* is evidently in a condition similar to that of *The Irishman*. If it was not for the authority of "common sense," it would be a "Supernaturalist." Such a consummation may not be "devoutly to be wished;" but reasoning strictly upon its own premises, where is the escape from a spiritual hypothesis? Without "common sense" it virtually admits there is none. The mediums' manifestations, according to *The Express*, are beyond the ordinary laws of nature. *A posteriora* reasoning says they must either proceed from natural or supernatural laws. If this be true, of what use is it saying that "common sense" will not admit it?

We know scarcely anything more common than the use of "common sense" to put down truth or to oppose principles. In the past the Irish people, during their great struggles, many of them of the heroic and noblest character, manifested the power of "common sense," so termed, to an extent at times injurious to their real progress. So have all peoples. The truth is that "common sense" needs educating and stimulating in the direction of progress. When it is so, there will be little fear of Supernaturalism, Spiritualism, or any other subject which has truth for its basis being held back by "common sense."

A man, signing himself "Medicus," has issued the following challenge to the Davenport Brothers through the columns of the *Irish Times*:—

A CHALLENGE TO THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

To the Editor of the *Irish Times*.

Friday Evening, Jan. 5, 1866.

SIR,—Having heard and read a good deal about the now famed Davenport Brothers, and as they are at present in Dublin, I wish, through the medium of your justly popular journal, to say a few words concerning them, and at the same time send them a challenge. I, myself, am personally unacquainted with the Davenport Brothers, and have never been at any of their *séances*, consequently I desire the public to be the arbiters between them and me. In the account given of their performances last evening, in this day's *Irish Times*, it appears that Mr. Cooper "expressed a hope that the people of Dublin would pronounce upon the spiritual manifestations of the brotherhood an impartial verdict," thereby evidently wishing the public to believe (though not clearly stating the same), that it is by means of a supernatural power they perform their tricks. Now, I totally disbelieve in this supernatural agency supposed to be possessed by them, but believe that they perform their tricks by the agency of mechanical means brought by practice to great perfection. As I believe Mr. Fay and the Davenport Brothers court inquiry, I am tempted to send them this challenge on the conditions hereafter enumerated. Because I am myself acquainted with the "rope trick," therefore I apply the principle of this trick to all their performances. I have performed the rope trick in private circles on several occasions with only two or three failures, and these failures were owing to my not having time to practise it properly, for practice in this, as well as in every other trick, makes perfect.

I will now briefly state the conditions which I would require from the "Davenports" and will put them in the form of questions.

1st. Will the Davenport Brothers perform their tricks in a room of my choice, and one in which they have not been previous to their performances? If not,

2nd. Will they allow me and a friend of mine to examine minutely the rooms both under and over the one in which they perform, and all the approaches thereto, in daylight, and before they perform?

3rd. Will they allow me to place the cabinet in a position in the room of my own choice?

4th. Will they allow me and my friend to tie them and Mr. Fay with my own rope; and will they release themselves without going into the cabinet, or by going into it when placed in a different position in the room?

In conclusion, I will state that I do not wish to see the Dublin public taken in, in believing that they perform their feats by a supernatural agency, for I believe them to be done by mechanical means, aided by great ingenuity, dexterity, and celerity of movement, which I have no doubt they possess. If the "Davenports" accept my terms, I will allow myself to be

tyed, before proceeding to tie them, by any two of the audience, selected by ballot, and not their accomplices.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,
MEDICUS.

I enclose my card, which you are at liberty to hand to the Davenport Brothers.

The challenge is not one the Brothers need fear to accept, but they do wisely to pursue the "even tenor of their way," and leave the rope-tying gentleman to account, if he can, for the phenomena that are astounding, at this moment, all Dublin. The following is Mr. Cooper's reply to "Medicus"—

To the Editor of the *Irish Times*.

Sir,—In reference to a letter which appears in to-day's *Irish Times*, conveying a challenge to the Brothers Davenport, allow me to say that we are here to present facts, and not for the purpose of giving or accepting challenges.

Your correspondent, "Medicus," would, I consider, have acted a wiser part if he had made himself acquainted with the nature of the facts we present, before venturing to send a challenge in reference to a subject he obviously does not understand.—Yours,

ROBERT COOPER,

Representative of the Brothers Davenport.

Queen's Arms Hotel, January 6th.

The kindness of the Dublin people, as well as of the Press, up to the present has been everything the mediums could desire.

ALMOST UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY OF AUTHORS TO THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

To see the wide-spread animosity against Spiritualism, to hear the denunciations of the press, one would suppose that Spiritualism was somewhat alien to the knowledge and feelings of mankind, but as we turn over book after book, of any date or any age or country, we are surprised to find it, on the contrary, the universal faith of mankind. It is not necessary, in proof of this, to do more than to ask any one to call to mind all the evidences of this which have been made familiar to him by recent works on the subject. Still more, however, it is scarcely possible to read any modern work, even the works of scientific men, without coming upon facts and sentiments purely spiritual, and which could not exist without Spiritualism existing. The letters of Humboldt, of Sir Humphrey Davy, and, I have no doubt, of Faraday and Brewster, if we had them, would bear incontestible proofs of this great fact. Men talk and write Spiritualism when they are left to themselves and the promptings of their own natures; they stand up and deny it when they are reminded of theories and opponents. Voltaire himself, the prince of sceptics and scoffers, in an article on "Magic," to which I shall ere long draw more attention, asserts the whole principle and theory of Spiritualism:—

VOLTAIRE'S BELIEF IN APPARITIONS.

"This soul, this shadow, which subsists separate from its body, may very well be able to show itself on occasion; to return to its relatives, its family, and speak with them and instruct them. There is no impossibility in all this. That which exists can appear."

Turn from reputed Atheists and sceptics to the orthodox and religious. We find the same faith and utterances in the most profound and philosophical minds. Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer, denounces the scepticism so fashionable to-day as consummate folly:—

"There are some men of narrow views and grovelling conceptions, who, without the instigation of personal malice, treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track as the rash effort of a warm imagination, or the glittering speculation of an excited mind, that may please and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real, lasting advantage. These men value themselves upon perpetual scepticism, upon believing nothing but their own senses, upon calling for demonstration where it cannot possibly be attained, and sometimes upon holding out against it when it is laid before them, upon inventing arguments against the success of any new undertaking, and, when arguments cannot be found, upon treating it with contempt and ridicule. Such have been the most formidable enemies of the greatest benefactors of the world, for their notions and discourses are so agreeable to the lazy, the envious, and the timorous, that they seldom fail of becoming popular, and directing the opinions of mankind."

It is scarcely possible to open a book now-a-days without falling upon some instance of the supernatural, even in the pages of those most hardened by education against it. Nature is stronger

than theory or fashion, and the truth oozes out, in spite of any scientific schoolings. It were easy to collect a large volume of such cases, but my present intention is only to notice one case just fallen under my eye. In the life of that genuine and original artist, Thomas Bewick, the restorer of wood-engraving, written by himself and published by his daughter, we find him congratulating himself repeatedly on the dissipation of superstition in this very enlightened age. Directly afterwards he tells us this story. It was one of the greatest pleasures of his good heart to go every Saturday from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he lived, to Cherryburn, the village where his parents lived, some ten or a dozen miles off. It was the greatest enjoyment of the week. But one day, on his way there, he tells us of a strange impression:—

THOMAS BEWICK'S PRESENTIMENT.

"In Christmas week, 1784, while I was amusing myself with sliding on the ice at Ovingham, between that place and Eltringham, I know not what came over my mind, but something ominous haunted it, of a gloomy change impending over the family. At this time I was surprised, for I had never before felt any such sensation, and presently scouted it as some whim of the imagination. The day was to be one of cheerfulness, for Mr. and Mrs. Story, distant relatives of my father's, and for whom my parents had the greatest regard, had been, with other friends, invited to dine with us at Cherryburn. At dinner all was kindness and cheerfulness, and my father was, as usual, full of his facetious stories and anecdotes. For two, or perhaps three Sundays after this, I was prevented getting over the water by the ice and other floods, and returned from Ovingham without seeing or hearing how all were at home. The Sunday after, upon my making my usual call at the gardener's at Ovingham, where, when at school, we always left our dinner-poke, and dined, he informed me, with looks of grief, that my mother was very unwell. I posted off in haste across the river to see her. Upon my asking her earnestly how she was, she took me apart, and told me it was nearly all over with her, and she described to me how she had got her death. She had been called up, on a severe frosty night, to see a young woman in the hamlet below, who was taken ill, plunged into a bog on the way, and got a 'perishment' of cold."

Bewick immediately posted off for the doctor, but his mother died on 20th of February; his sister, then quite well, on the 24th of June; and his father, also quite well at that time, on the 15th of November of the same year, 1785. Thus the whole household was broken up, and Bewick ceased his weekly walks to Cherryburn—the attractions to it were gone!

It is also remarkable that the very last performance of this most original and independent-minded artist was a vignette of Cherryburn, his native place, the spot where he entered the world, with a funeral passing by it, or from it, and a boat waiting on the river below, as if to take him away from it.

Such are the voices from the inner world, which startle the most sceptical, and make them record facts in stubborn antagonism to their theories; such the oracles from the invisible temple of the Godhead which startle us on our way, perhaps, to some Damascus of persecution, and, shattering all our philosophies in a moment, make us the plastic witnesses of the great truths of the universe. Oh, vain man! oh, little, audacious man! uttering huge words against the eternities; how little is thy philosophy! how wretched is thy hardihood! One winged arrow from the Unseen, and all thy brags and thy swelling life drop, and are done with!

We hear one logical poet exclaiming:—

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

And another saying:—

I hear a voice ye cannot hear,
That bids me not to stay;
I see a form ye cannot see,
That beckons me away.

These beckoning ghosts, these calling voices, shake the souls of the stoutest philosophers, and "make cowards of them all." The truly brave and sensible men are they who fear neither the philosopher in his hour of scornful scepticism, nor the spirit in its hour of objective presentment, knowing, with the poet Young, who calls it "a glorious truth," that—

Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains winged in flight;
And men are angels loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain
And slippery step the bottom of the steep.

LYCEUM SEANCE.

On Wednesday evening last Mrs. L. H. Lacy held her first seance at the Lyceum. There was a tolerably good attendance Mr.

J. H. Powell introduced Mrs. Lacy to the audience, and briefly alluded to her career in England, expressing his thorough faith in her capabilities as a medium.

Mrs. Lacy was soon entranced, and made to deliver a short discourse on Spiritualism. She was then influenced by an Indian spirit, and gave some extraordinary delineations of the characters of some of the persons present, which were all of a test character, and illustrative of a phase of mediumship most valuable. The Indian spirit addressed all the females present as "squaws," and males as "pale-faces" or "Injins," and afforded much amusement.

We have no doubt, from the interest manifested by the audience, but that there will be a large attendance next Wednesday. To prevent any disarrangement of the circle, it is proposed to open at half-past 7, and to close the doors at 8, after which no one will be admitted. Members of the Lyceum free, non-members 1s.

RECENT EXPERIENCES OF M. PIERART, EDITOR
OF THE REVUE SPIRITUALISTE.

We have before alluded to the guardian angel, and the familiar, or guardian spirit attached to each person at their birth by the divine will. To the guardian angel belongs the direction of the moral character and the highest aspirations, "for those who can perceive and render themselves worthy thereof." To the spirit belongs the guidance necessary to our daily life; to ourself preservation and habitual employment, by a variety of means, such as dreams, impressions, raps, clairvoyance, or mediumistic writing. Happy those who receive such manifestations, and still more happy those who have the wisdom to conform to the advice received. We have already given proofs in our journal of such manifestations, and hope shortly to give further ones.

The guardian spirit to whom I owe these spontaneous physical manifestations is constantly with me, and gives frequent proofs of his presence. If in my solitude I feel discouraged by the changeableness of some, and the malice of others, or if I receive bad news, he comes and raps loudly, sometimes in the room where I am sitting, occasionally in other rooms, as if to say, "Be not discouraged, you shall be sustained; these trials will not last. How can you be desponding, when you receive proofs of the existence of spirits, and of the immortality of the soul? Let your faith be stimulated by these spontaneous manifestations, given to so few." I feel my guardian is right, for nothing so revives, and sustains, and stimulates my courage and hope as these raps, so quick and sharp, and sometimes loud. At times they precede good news by the post, at others grave interests to the cause of Spiritualism, in which I am about to be employed. The time when my guardian spirit manifests his presence most frequently, is when I am deeply meditating. Then new ideas and fertile suggestions are impressed upon my mind. At times, when I hear raps, I think they may be caused by cracks in the wood, or crumbling mortar, accidental causes. At once, as if in answer to my thought, the raps move, and come upon my desk, the book-shelf, or the window-pane, and I am forced to yield to these convincing proofs of spirit influence. The raps often follow me to my bedroom, and reply to my thoughts, or give me warning by little sharp quick raps on the head of the bed, or on the mattress, causing slight shocks to my nervous system. Twice has my guardian rendered me eminent services by these nocturnal warnings.

Once, while living in the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Zimmermann, to whom I had often spoken of my delight in spirit presence, and of my guardians, without, however, succeeding in making them consorts to my ideas, Mrs. Z. was awoke suddenly one night by distinct raps at equal intervals, on a secretary opposite her bed. These raps reminded her of what I had repeatedly told her, and fortunately kept her awake, as a fire burst out soon after in her room, that might have consumed the whole house, had it not been promptly extinguished.

The second incident occurred in November, on a dark night. I had made an excursion in the neighbourhood, which had detained me until a late hour. I felt unusually nervous and agitated by a kind of presentiment; but having said my prayers, I recommended myself to the protecting care of my guardian angel, in whose watchfulness against all danger in my solitude, I feel perfect confidence. Towards one o'clock I awoke with a start, hearing sharp raps on the bed table. The peculiar sound of these raps, and their duration, recalled to me an occasion on which I received a visit from a disagreeable threatening man. I had then heard similar. I felt I was in danger. I arose, armed myself, and ran to the window, looking on the forest. I then saw the shadow, as of a man glide through the open garden door, and shortly afterwards I heard footfalls. Who was this man? A drunken workman, a wanderer feeling his way, or a robber coming to try and force the dwelling of a poor hermit. I descended, and found the entrance-door slightly open. Had I omitted to close it on my return; or had some one opened it? I know not, but closing it, I returned to bed, thanking God from my heart for the warning he had sent me; and blessing with tenderness the timid messenger who had conveyed it to me—thanks to his watchful care—slept peacefully in the midst of the silent forest. Perchance it is the recompense of the hermit, to whom the riches of earth are wanting, and who has sought for spiritual gifts in their stead, and gratefully received them. Doubtless the kind guardian will not allow me to be deprived of a few precious objects (tokens of affection), or of the beloved books, procured with much difficulty, the cherished and indispensable companions of my life, and forming my only society.—"Revue Spiritualiste."

SPIRITUAL JOURNALISM.

WHEREVER an angel has appeared and spoken, wherever a real saint has lived and worshipped, and died, wherever a great seer has appeared, walking thousands of years before his time, and lifting the soul of generations into a higher civilization, there is an element of historic authority for Spiritualism. Spiritual philosophy is the living gospel of all time. Its priests are such souls as Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato; Jesus, Swedenborg, and Joan of Arc; Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, and Newton; Leibnitz, Descartes, and Laplace. These have been the ministers of an ever advancing religion, whose ideas and discoveries have given names to entire epochs of thought. Members and chiefs in God's Infinite spiritual republic are they, from whose souls whole civilizations have sprung. The historical authority behind Spiritualism is equal to that behind all the thousand and one religious sects of the whole world. It is more. It is all these revived, enlarged and reduced to scientific proof, in modern manifestations.

The brightest pages of the world's literature are radiant with the light of spirituality. Take, out of any of the "sacred" books, the spirituality thereof, and what have you left? Take the Spiritualism out of the New Testament, and no soul or life would remain. From Homer to Shakespeare, the finest poems are kindled at the central fires of spiritual ideas. We are sometimes asked, "where is your spiritual literature?" And we can truly answer—it is the immortal literature of all time. Indeed, there is not a page or passage in the literature of sects, that challenges admiration or quickens our souls, that is not in some way an expression of the common sense, the common consciousness, and therefore of the common and universal spiritual nature of mankind. The literature and creed of Spiritualism are impersonal—like the spiritual cares of the world—the prosperity of humanity, and not of any man. Hence its resources are bounded by no lines of latitude or longitude, and limited to no age of the world. And are not here ample fields for the spiritual scholar and historian? Spiritual journalism has never yet exhibited a tithing of its historic strength, for want of the application of that learning which can alone bring forth the ancient things from its treasure house. This needs to be done. And until it be done, one of the great quarries of our strength remains unworked.

Again, science yields no strength to any sectarian theology in the world; for while those theologies were conceived before the dawn of science and still remain as they were ages ago, science has gone on. Theologies are "fixed," while science is flowing. Hence at each new advance of science, some dogma of theology is overturned. The "churches" cannot use the vast laws of science to enforce and illustrate their creeds; hence science yields no strength to them. But the spiritual philosophy is no *punctum stans*—no fixed fact; but a *punctum fluens*—a flowing fact. It consequently moves on with science. These are twin branches from the same great tree; parallel currents from the same great fountain. A true system of theology should move abreast, or perhaps a little in advance of civilization. Spiritualism does this. No other theology does. Hence its vast advantages over all the other historic forms of religion. This fact should be a tower of strength to the spiritual scholar. And the scientific resources should be made to yield vast treasures of truth for spiritual journalism.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

JUDGE EDMONDS'S REPLY TO THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

From the *Banner of Light*.

IN the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*—that for October 1865—is an article, headed "American Psychomancy," reviewing spiritual works, by A. J. Davis, Professor Hare and myself. The review is an elaborate one, covering near twenty pages of that number, and showing a considerable familiarity with the writings on spiritualism in this Country.

The article is characterized by the usual British tory notions of everything American, by a very uncandid spirit, manifested, among other things, in its using garbled extracts, and putting them into false juxtapositions, and by the most lamentable ignorance of the subject which it treats.

This is palpable at once to any instructed reader, and we might leave it to correct itself; but as that magazine professes to stand at the very head of, as it was the originator of the periodical literature of Great Britain, it has seemed to me advisable to expose its falsity, lest its high standing may mislead those whose acquaintance with the subject is not as great as ours.

Therefore it is that I desire to call the attention of your readers to some of its errors, in order that they may judge for themselves how far it is to be relied on.

At the very beginning of the article it uses this language:

"About midway between New York and Albany, on the Eastern bank of the Hudson river, stands the pleasant town of Poughkeepsie, containing a population of nearly twenty thousand souls. A quarter of a century ago, the site was occupied by a few miserable cottages and farmsteads, and a solitary building for public worship; it now includes many handsome rectangular streets, sixteen churches, four banks, various large factories, an endowed collegiate school for boys, a corresponding academy for girls, and the Pantheon of Progress. Such, at all events was grandeur and such the prosperity of this newly created capital of Dutchess county, at the sudden disruption of the United States, in 1861. Possibly that terrible event has changed, as in too many other transatlantic cities, the whole aspect of its fortunes possibly ruined its commerce and decimated its people, or caused many of them to fly from the presence of the detested conscript agent, or the more dreaded tax gatherer."

Behold how strange the ignorance, and how rash the conjectures of this boasted head of the British periodical literature!

Poughkeepsie was settled before A. D. 1700; was the capital of Dutchess Co. before the Revolutionary war, and was so large a place at that time, that the legislature of the state met there in 1778, and the State Convention to ratify the Constitution of the United States, sat there in 1778.

In 1825—forty years ago—its population was about seven thousand; and twenty-five years ago, when it is said it had "only a few miserable cottages and farmsteads, and a solitary building for public worship," its population was ten thousand.

Like many other "transatlantic cities," it has grown gradually for many years. Starting in 1825, with a population of 5,935, it has increased every five years thus: 7,222, 8,529, 10,006, 11,791, 13,994, 15,873, and 17,848 in 1860.

The "terrible event" of the Rebellion, which is supposed to have "changed its fortunes," has in no respect effected them, unless by increasing their prosperity; and as to many of its inhabitants having fled from the conscription, only two men have been known to have done so. And its population, by the census of 1865, has increased, notwithstanding that the county and the city have filled all their quotas for the army. So far from flying from conscription, the city of Poughkeepsie has voluntarily contributed some two hundred thousand dollars toward filling the armies.

Starting as the article does, with so sad a mis-statement of facts, what may we expect but similar inaccuracies throughout? Accordingly we find them everywhere, not only in its statements of facts, but its representations of the doctrines of Spiritualism.

In another place the article says:

"It is an indisputable fact that Spiritualism has either produced or developed a tendency to insanity in innumerable instances; the bedlams in America are overcharged with its victims."

This is far from being "an indisputable fact." A few years ago such a charge was made by a respectable periodical in this country. I carefully examined, at that time, the reports of nearly all the lunatic asylums in this country, (we have no "bedlams" here—they are purely indigenous to British soil,) and very few such cases were found; not to be compared with the numbers whose insanity was owing to religious excitement, disappointment in love, or pecuniary difficulties. I published the refutation, at that time, in the same periodical, and henceforth the idea has slumbered in America, now to be revived among the savans of what Byron called Modern Athens.

The writer in the *Edinburgh* could never have examined never have seen even, the statistics of insanity in this country, for if he had he never would have ventured an assertion so diametrically at war with the facts as there disclosed.

It can be necessary to notice only one other mis-statement of the Review. It says:

"It is equally undeniable that enormous fortunes have been speedily realized by professional mediums, who have practised on the weakness and credulity of their clients."

Every word of this is the sheerest fabrication in the world. No such instance has ever been known in this country, as everybody here knows. But suppose it was as he states—what of it? The success of the movement has very little depended upon or been indebted to "Professional Mediums." It is the private mediums who have been the great instruments in the work, and they outnumber the professional ones, a hundred or a thousand to one. And what think you, is the explanation this very unreliable writer gives of the phenomena of Spiritualism? My mediumship is hypnotism, or mesmeric sleep, or self-induced somnambulism, and the residue is fraud and deception! It is at once a shame and a pity that a work claiming such a high position in the literary world should display such profound ignorance in its pages.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, Dec, 10, 1865.

REVIEW.

Home Scenes and Heart Memories By JOHN BLACKMAN, author of *A Memoir of Thomas Day*. Loudon: John Wilson, 93, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

JOHN BLACKMAN is one of the Bloomfields of song. He has all the simplicity, grace, and pathos of the Bloomfield school of singers. He was born in lowly circumstances, and was brought up to agricultural pursuits. He tells us in pleasing prose of his past plodding career in the ways of wealth and fame, and a very readable autobiography it is.

The lyrical pieces in this small volume (some eighty in number) all evince taste, and are mostly musical. Neither the themes nor the author's treatment of them display novelty, yet many of the pieces are beautiful and true to nature.

Mr. Blackman makes no pretension to greatness of poetic power, and it would be a mistake for him to do so. That he possesses poetic feeling, and the capacity to weave it into graceful verse, is undeniable. That he has sang very much like a solitary and neglected bird through all seasons, because he loved to sing, is likewise clear; but we hope he does not dream too much of winning the world's applause, because his "still, small voice" seems to us likely to be almost lost in the world's general turmoil. What can we say by way of encouragement to John Blackman other than this, he is a true child of nature, full of native simplicity and freshness?

He is like a note in music, necessary to a tune, but not the tune itself. Yet he may rejoice that it is given unto him to swell, even to the extent of a note, the full concord of poetic music. We feel interested in the success of men like our author, because they are types of true dignity, and moral self-hood which is better than kingdoms. Hence when John Blackman, with a perfect faith in God and a manly self-reliance, breaks forth into rustic music, and proves himself equal, if not superior, to men of mere rank, we delight to offer praise.

In this little volume we find grateful allusion made to William Howitt, whose writings the author says aided him in his early studies. He likewise prints this graceful tribute to "Mary Howitt":—

I've read thy pages, lady, and I know
Thy gentle nature by thy graceful lays,
Which seem to breathe of odorous summer days.
The heart's best feelings through thy verses flow—
Pure as bright dew-drops sparkling in the glow
Of blue-eyed morn, when peeping o'er the hills
To kiss rich blooms by Heaven-reflecting rills,
Whilst round about the early breezes blow.
Yet not alone doth song thy genius show,
The children love thee for thy "Birds and Flowers,"
And thou canst weave around life's darker hours
A wreath of hope to chase the gloom below,
And lead the spirit to a fount divine—
Such varied gifts, sweet melodist, are thine.

The following, we think, will justify our verdict on this book:—

COME FORTH, MY LOVE.

Come forth, my love, come merrily forth with me,
The morn is breaking o'er the silvery lea,
Where trills the bird in concert with the bee.

The night hath passed, night's curtains are withdrawn,
Sweet flower-lips open to kiss the genial dawn,
And leaflets rustle round the pearl-strewn lawn.

The lark, our earliest minstrel, skyward sings,
With softest strains the misty welkin rings,
And beauty's light wakes all created things.

The butterfly, frail tenant of an hour,
Sports gaily round the crispy-leafed flower,
Fair picture of man's life, and fame's poor dower:

Then come, my love, come merrily forth with me,
Whilst morn is breaking o'er the silvery lea.

Come merrily forth, my love, for cheerful souls
Are like the clear sky-mirroring stream that rolls
Through emerald meads refreshing daisied knolls.

See Phœbus up the Orient conquering glows,
While fairy fingers stealthily unclose
The silken eyelids of the dreaming rose.

When through green branches winds of March blow warm,
And goldcups pout beneath the oak's broad form,
Spring gales are balm'd by nurselings of the storm.

Thus, when care darkens and the world deceives,
And clouded thought my heart of joy bereaves,
Thy smiles are sweet as violets 'tween dead leaves.

Then come, my love, come merrily forth with me,
Now morn is breaking o'er the silvery lea.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS—No. 2.

January 8, 1865.

(I remarked to my spirit cousin that I thought the term "fairy-land," as used in the last message, was hardly sacred enough to apply to spiritual scenes.)

Spirit. Truly, cousin, no human mind can possibly conceive of the beauties of spirit-land. But our childish imagination pictures to itself a bright fairy-land seldom, if ever, realized. And, certainly, all scenery that contains the most grace, beauty, &c., will ever, by the human mind, be called fairy-land. When I first awoke to spirit-life, I was not conscious that I had passed away. I found myself surrounded by all things beautiful. Lovely forms were around me; lovely harmonious sounds filled my ears, and all things were beautiful. But, beautiful as they presented themselves to me on my first awakening, they were not perceived by my eyes (hardly aroused to fulness of spirit sight-power) in the very fulness of their beauty. I was not capable of assimilating to my spirit-senses the fulness of the grandeur. That comes gradually, and belongs to the training of the spirit.

My perceptions were as yet dull. Therefore, as the idea of fairy-land had ever been the beau-ideal of all things charming, although I could not have put the expression of this beau-ideal in language, still I well thought myself to be in fairy-land. Nothing else could I think of; so suddenly removed from earthly belongings, and so entirely without thought of the reality of a future state; by which I mean that whilst thinking of a future state in a way that men think of distant places and things, giving no specific form to their thoughts, so had I passed on in life, and had no definite thought of heaven or spirit-land as a real locality—as real, in truth, as any place in your world. Living around you as the spirit-world does; around you, and yet separated from you! Not to be reached by any earth locomotive, but to be attained in a degree, even on earth, by giving up the spirit to spiritual things, and seeking after all good. Thereby do I see those who seek to bring Heaven to their hearts may do so, in spite of the earthly evils, by maintaining a spirit of prayer, and thus building around them a strong shield and defence from the evil pervading influences. Leave off.

Same date, late at night.

Q. Can you describe to me the appearance of Jesus, as he presented himself to you as you were passing away?

S. Yes. As far as human tongue can tell, I may attempt to tell you my opening into spirit-sight. Such I now know it to have been. At the time, over-powered by the body's illness, I thought not of what it was, but took all that came unthinkingly; because, incapacitated by the weakness of the frame, dying.

I was first conscious of an overpoweringly soothing influence, lulling, soft, and tender. My room became, to my earthly vision, invested in a cloud, as of the purest downy appearance, which gradually gave place to ineffable brightness. All things earthly had receded. I found myself alone with one resplendently beautiful figure in human form. Yes; it was human form, and yet it was formed of dazzling whiteness and brightness, such as commonly proceed from Divinity. He was gazing at me; His hair was flowing, showered over with brilliant gems of star-like form and wondrous radiance. This star-like appearance also pervaded the atmosphere of the Wondrous Form. A star-like halo was around His head, and His eyes were wondrous in lustre and beauty. Full, full of love and deep compassion He looked at me, and thereby was my spirit drawn to Him. It gave me spirit-birth. I was gathered to His arms, and slept in Jesus. For I remember no more until, as I have told you, I awoke where I was laid, on my flowery couch. Leave off.

Q. Is this all true?

S. Yes; oh, yes! I thank God for giving me the power thus to tell you of Jesus, the Well-Beloved, the Altogether Lovely.

January 10th.

S. I see, dear F—, you are thinking how an altogether white appearance in vision can convey forms without some variation. I will try to show you.

(This thought had presented itself to me, but I had not framed it into a question.)

S. The atmosphere around the pure dazzling whiteness proceeds from the body-form of Jesus, and thus proves His Divinity by its intense glorious whiteness—the atmosphere never quite loses the cloudy, downy, soft hue, and the gems of star-like form shine out in various degrees of brightness, but with a soft, rosy light, denoting love. This light, as it were, softens the glorious radiance to the spirit-sight, for it was with spirit-sight that I beheld it. It was too radiant to have been received by my weak frame otherwise.

January 11th.

Dear Aunt is ever with me when I come to you, dear F—, and she helped me to communicate to you, knowing that the gentle influence that we children can exert from the gardens of the Lord of Hosts, is frequently of a more soothing character, and thereby tends to prevent the clashing of the mesmeric influence. You were suffering from this source when I first came to you, dear F—. We young spirits bring an influence diverse from the higher advanced. And sometimes, in consequence, it is better suited to a weak frame of body. Do not fear the influence of spirit-mediumship. Only prayerfully and cautiously accept what is given, and when the influence is painfully exciting, be sure it is well to lay it aside by prayer, and seek earnestly for calmness.

(This last message refers to the state in which I was in when cousin first came to me. I had sought and obtained instructions referring to the illness of a lady, and for some cause, which the spirits told me was the influence of that lady's illness upon my own frame, being weak in health [I did not personally know the lady], it had brought on such a painful state of excitement, that for many days I had done all in my power to resist the spirit-mediumship.)

F. J. T.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.

MORE FACTS.—AN APPARITION.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR,—If any account of my experiences in the way of spirit manifestations be thought sufficiently interesting to lay before your readers, I shall be glad to give them, though I have not had such extraordinary manifestations as some people; still, however little it may be, it may go to confirm the fact of spirit-life and spirit-communication. I should not have thought of making them public, if I had not been requested to do so, and I believe there are very few people who could not give some facts of a similar nature, from their own experience, if they would only take the trouble to write them down for the benefit of those interested in such things.

About a week before the decease of our lamented Prince Albert, I was awoke one night by a sound in my room as of some one clearing his throat, when the mouth is shut. I felt so certain that it was a real sound that it awoke me completely up, and I was rather alarmed. I told a friend of mine, soon after, what I had heard, and said that he would be hearing of something remarkable, perhaps some death, in a few days. When the death of the Prince took place, I had forgot all about it, and did not connect the two occurrences till some time after.

The next time I heard something similar, was early last year, having sat up rather late one night reading; had got into bed, and was just trying to compose myself to sleep, when I heard a loud sound in the room, between the bed foot and the window, as of a cough or a person clearing the throat with the mouth open. It roused me up quickly, though I was wide awake at the time, and I struck a light as I was considerably alarmed. Of course there was no one to be seen in the room, and when I heard the noise, I knew at the time that it was a supernatural sound, and I believe that any one else would have heard it, if they had been in the room.

On comparing dates afterwards, I found that it occurred just seven days prior to the decease of a relative, a little child.

I occasionally hear single raps.

One evening, about ten o'clock, I was sitting at a table reading the *Morning Star* and there came a sound on the table which quite startled me, like the explosion of a gun-cap almost close to me.

On another evening, about the same time, there was a violent knock on a chest-drawer behind me, as I was sitting at the table reading, like as if some one had struck the top of it with great force with a large pair of snuffers.

Another time I had just retired to bed, and a light was still burning, and there was a smart rap on the hearth-stone, as if some one had had a piece of strong whalebone, and when held on the stone, had been sprung up at one end and let go again. Once again, a sound as of a pea being shot at my bedroom door, and also, at times, loud cracks from the furniture which had no apparent special physical cause (as I know fire will sometimes make them do so), and once as of a hand scraping the carpet.

On the 11th of last April, in the afternoon, there were three very loud knocks on a table in the kitchen, at which two young women were sitting sewing. They were very much alarmed, and did not know what to think of it. The raps went diagonally across the table, increasing in force.

I thought it was only a playful prognostic of a heavy thunder-storm, which came on three hours after, and which was really three successive storms, the heaviest last; and that the electric state of the atmosphere allowed the spirits to manifest themselves.

In June, 1864, a young gentleman, who has been a good deal in America, and who is a medium, being at my house one afternoon, we sat down to a table, and soon my friend was made to repeat a beautiful prayer, which he afterwards told me was from the spirit of a clergyman whom he could see. While our *séance* was going on, there were rappings all over the ceiling of the room below which we did not hear, but learned afterwards.

One evening we called upon a lady who is a Spiritualist, and who has considerable mesmeric power, and, at my friend's wish, the lady began to mesmerise him. He had not long been under influence (and quite conscious), when he was controlled by the spirit of a little girl, whom he had known in America. She prattled away in her childish language in a very lively strain, and then said there was a white-headed gentleman standing on her right hand, and an Indian chief on the other. Presently my friend stood straight up, and gave a most eloquent and beautiful address, as from some other intelligent power, and then addressed each of us individually, in a very appropriate way. The lady was very much pleased. Indeed, as well as myself.

A year or two since I paid a visit to Mrs. Marshall, the celebrated medium. It was an evening in June. I found Mrs. M.

and her niece, and a young man, whom I took to be the niece's husband, also another gentleman who, like myself, had gone to investigate the phenomena. I was asked to take the alphabet and point to the letters, which I did, and, though a perfect stranger to all present, my name was correctly rapped out. Once it was spelt out backwards. Mrs. M. said she saw a very bright spirit standing behind my chair, and we asked for the name, and the name of a deceased brother of mine was given correctly, though he had three names. We stood up, placed our hands on the table, and the table rose off the floor quite a foot, perhaps more, and then turned completely upside down. It being a large, heavy table, I thought it was well it did not come on to any of our toes, as it would have done some damage. As I was sitting at a little distance from the table, my chair was pulled about by some invisible agency, and I am sure that no one of the individuals present had any hand in it. I was rather alarmed, and jumped up. All this was done in daylight. Two or three gentlemen came in while I was there, and got some remarkable communications to their questions. One of them was a Frenchman, who could not speak English; and one of the gentlemen seemed considerably overcome with emotion at the answers he got.

I must just relate another circumstance which occurred very recently, if I am not taking up too much of your space, and that is one that occurred this week here. Last Thursday morning, about half past nine, a boy about twelve years of age, who is employed by my brother in his business, to go errands, &c., was in the warehouse over part of the shop, attending to his work at one end of the room, when he heard some one coming down the stair ladder at the opposite end of the warehouse, and on looking round, he saw the figure of a very tall man, dressed in a long black cloak, which had no sleeves, but holes for his hands, coming towards him. The man came and laid his hand on the handle of a machine used for dressing fruit, and then vanished. The lad was very much frightened, and went down to tell the others in the shop what he had seen. When the man came down the stairs he did not make any noise with his feet, only the cloak he had on made a rustling on the steps of the ladder.

About an hour afterwards the boy had occasion to go up again into the same warehouse, and he was standing near to the ladder at the other end, when this same man came down again. The lad was frightened, and, as he was going away from him, flung a scoop he had in his hand at the man. The man then ran after the lad, but he got to the door and out, and he did not see any more of the man then. The poor lad was terribly frightened, and durst not go up again that day into the warehouse by himself. I spoke to the lad in the evening, and asked him all particulars about it, and told him I believed every word he had said (as some of them would not believe the lad); and I told him that if the man came again, he need not be frightened, as he did not want to hurt him; he had something to tell him, and that he must speak to him, and ask him what he wanted. Well, yesterday morning, about the same time, the boy was filling a tub with water from a tap in a small washhouse in the yard behind the shop, when he saw the man coming through an open doorway out of an adjoining yard, and he came into the washhouse where the boy was. He was so tall, he had to stoop to come in. When he got inside, he stood and looked at the boy, and was going to shout for someone, but he did not do so. He then asked the man what he wanted, and he said, "Thank God for that!" and went on to say that he had been about the place for five-and-twenty years (the lad was not sure about the number, but it was five something), and he had never been able to speak to anyone before. He said he owed Mr. K— so much money, mentioning the sum, and I was to pay it, mentioning my name. When he had said that, the lad said he went away through the doorway he came in at, like a "flash of lightning." He went outside to see if he could see anything of him, but he had gone; no doubt easier in his mind than he had been for a long time. The man's face and hands were very pale, and his hair light, and the lad could not see through him, he seemed like a real living person. The boy says he thinks he shall not see him any more. I was certain there was some spirit about there, as I have heard taps and knockings at times for a good while, as well as other people, and occasionally one or two individuals have seen something, but they could not make anything out of it.—I remain, &c.,

York, January 8th, 1866.

EDWARD KING.

THE PROPOSED CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Mr. Editor,—I noticed in a late number of the *Spiritual Times* a proposition to hold a Convention of Spiritualists in London. It is remarkable that while the American Spiritualists have been holding numerous, large, and useful Conventions for more than twelve years, that none have been held in this country, save the one last year at Darlington, the proceedings of which have just been published. Should there be a desire for a spiritual

Convention in London, I should be most happy to aid it in whatever way I may be able and would propose the consideration of the following themes—

- I. Of the relations of man to the spiritual worlds.
- II. Of the position of woman.
- III. Of education.
- IV. Of the relations of the Old World to the New, especially of Great Britain to the United States.
- V. Of the need of a new social state.
- VI. Of the dissemination of spiritual publications, the establishment of Lyceums, the encouragement of mediums and teachers.
- VII. Of combinations of Spiritualists with other reformers.

J. MURRAY SPEAR.

146, Albany street, Regents Park.

SPIRIT-MESSAGE, No. 9.

Through the mediumship of JESSIE.

Dear Friend,—Listen and try to profit by a few words of advice, and it will be given to you from one who wishes your eternal welfare. Firstly, never sit to hold intercourse with spirits until you have first asked the protection of the Spirit of God. Secondly, try the spirits that come to you, for many will come in His name—prove such. Thirdly, trifle not with the invisible ones that surround you. That is the great evil of the so-called spirit meetings. You should all sit with one accord, wishing for the truth. Pray faithfully, earnestly, that He will give you such communications as shall be necessary for you. Pray also that He will enlighten your understanding that you may be able to discriminate and to separate the good from the evil. I have no more to say now, only go on your way rejoicing, holding fast that which is good. Farewell.

May He send peace, comfort, and health. May you in return give Him your whole heart. Ask what you wish.

Question. How am I to prove the spirits?

Spirit. Doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit? By their communications ye may know them. A truthful spirit will not, cannot, tell a lie. A good spirit cannot deceive, or jest about, or make fun of this sacred light.

Mr. E. Have I received communications from purely good or high spirits?

S. You have.

Q. How can I distinguish the good from the bad?

S. Ask Him to give you that power, and you cannot fail to distinguish the good from the evil. There are good spirits always with you. All that is wanted in you is confidence and hope in His power, so that they can approach you.

Q. Are the spirits who influence my wife to draw good spirits?

S. They are happy spirits. They bring consolation, happiness, and love.

Q. What spirit controls the medium?

S. Truth and Justice.

Q. Would Truth and Justice say a few words to Mr. B.?

S. Friend, why do you tarry by the way? You are needed. Your lamp is lighted ready for you. Pass it not by unheeded. Carry it manfully. Hold it high, and keep it bright. The brighter it beams, the more it will entice. If you persevere and press on with a prayerful spirit, you will do great good. You must not fear what the world will say to you. You must not mind the stumbling-blocks in your path. Many will come within the beams of your light if you keep it brightly burning. Do you understand the meaning of this great light which is let down from heaven? Each faithful follower lights his own lamp from that light. Put your trust not in man. Pray that you may understand it rightly. More another time. And may He, in the abundance of His love and mercy, give you that you need. Trust in Him, and all will be well. Farewell.

The following was given, on another occasion, to Mrs. H—, who has lately lost a child:—

Gone, gone, gone, but not lost; separated only for a time, that which may bloom more beautiful in its Father's garden. Weep not, nor grieve when you see your dear fond ones laid low in the grave. Rather rejoice that they are free from the troubles of this world. Could you behold the shining angelic creatures round the throne of God, it would fill your souls with happiness. You think it is hard to have that taken from you which you prize so dearly; but remember it was not given you to keep, it was given you to be taken—to be taken, that the chords of love that entwined round about your heart should draw you up nearer your Maker.

INVOCATION.

Father, Thou that dost give, Thou that dost take away, give unto the bereaved ones peace of mind—that peace and happiness of mind that cannot be selfish. Give them to feel that Thou hast a right to take away that which Thou dost give. Pour down Thy love and protection on Thy children.

WEAK DEFENDERS OF TRUTH.

It were happy for the Church if the abilities and prudence of all her friends were commensurate and equal to their love and zeal. Every little foil, every weak or impertinent answer of a friend to truth, is quickly turned into a weapon to wound it the deeper.—FLAVEL.

THE DAVENPORT SEANCES.

ON last Thursday evening, the 4th inst, the Brothers Davenport gave a private *séance* at the Queen's Arms Hotel before a most select audience, including Mr. Trail, of Trinity College, Mr. Robinson, of Grafton street, and several others of well known respectability and discrimination. The Brothers were introduced by Mr. Cooper, who made a most appropriate speech, totally unincumbered with the senseless jargon adopted by professional conjurers. He did not profess to advance any new theory, but merely to dismiss from their minds all prejudices and give the Brothers fair play. Two gentlemen were then chosen from the company by ballot and examined the cabinet, and having reported favourably to the audience, the Brothers took their seats at each end, facing one another. Strong ropes were then handed to the committee, who secured the occupants firmly in their seats, tying their hands behind their backs, their ankles and legs in such a manner that they could not possibly move. A number of instruments, consisting of a guitar, a tambourine, a large bell, and a brass horn were placed inside. The lights were then lowered, and the doors closed; but while in the act of doing so a hand was seen waving in the cabinet, and the brass horn was lifted by an unseen agency and dropped on the head of one of the gentlemen forming the committee. This operation was repeated several times with the same result. Having been enclosed again, a white, delicate hand, was several times protruded from the aperture. On one occasion the greater portion of an arm appeared. The instruments then commenced to play, and for nearly ten minutes the several instruments were performed upon, tune and harmony being preserved. The bell during the performance of the music was protruded through the opening, beaten against the door, and again taken in. The doors were then opened and the Brothers walked out, having been loosed without any apparent effort on their part. They then resumed their seats, the doors were closed, and on being opened they were found tied in a most extraordinary manner. Mr. Trail, fellow of Trinity college, got into the cabinet with the Brothers, holding the instruments. Upon the doors being closed the usual noises were heard, and when opened Mr. Trail was seen with the tambourine on his head, his neck cloth untied, and the instruments thrown in different parts of the cabinet. Flour was then placed in their hands, but upon the doors being shut the same extraordinary phenomena occurred, and they walked out with the flour grasped in their hands. The dark *séance* was still more wonderful. A table was placed in front of the audience. Beside it sat one of the Davenports and Mr. Fay. The gas was extinguished, and when re-lighted they were found firmly secured by ropes to their seats. When placed in darkness again the company distinctly observed the instruments, which had been covered with phosphorus, lifted and whirled about the room, playing all the time. The Rev. Dr. Tisdall then sealed the ropes, tying Mr. Fay, whose hands were secured to the back of the chair. The audience being again in darkness, Mr. Fay's coat was taken off him at the command of one of the audience, and light being restored it was found suspended from the gasolier. A gentleman then took off his coat and laid it on the table. The lights were put out for a moment and when restored Mr. Fay was found still bound as before, but with the gentleman's coat on. We will append no observations of our own. We have simply stated facts, and earnestly hope that our readers will see and hear for themselves, as another *séance* will take place this evening, thus giving them an opportunity of doing so.—"Irish Times," January 6th.

The "Irish Times," of a later date, gives the following:—

At the conclusion, a vote of thanks and confidence in the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay was passed, and the *soirée* terminated.

The gentlemen who acted on the part of the audience, and who made a most minute examination of the cabinet and ropes, were Mr. Henry Guinness, Burton Hall, Stillorgan, and Mr. R. J. Downes, Harcourt-street.

Mr. Cooper stated that a proposal had been made by one of the scientific societies in London, to give a *séance* before the members, the conditions being, that the cabinet, appurtenances, and clothes of the Davenports for the occasion, should be provided by them, which offer the Davenports accepted.

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

SINCE the Spirit, together with the gospel, is a joint principle of regeneration and perfection, it is manifest that we ought to live in a continual dependence upon God. He must be our hope and confidence in the day of trial: He must be our praise and boast in the day of victory, and in the day of peace: when we lie down, and when we rise up, we must say with the Psalmist, "It is Thou, O Lord, that maketh me dwell in safety"—LUCAS.

A RELIGIOUS DISCOURSE on "DEATH" will be delivered at the Spiritual Lyceum, on Sunday Evening, January 14th, 1866, at 7 o'clock.

By Mr. J. H. POWELL.
A Collection on behalf of the Lyceum.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS will please to write legibly on one side of the paper only, and as concisely as possible. If this rule is not observed we may be compelled to reject even valuable compositions.

OUR readers will favour us by sending accounts of Apparitions, Hauntings, &c. We wish to give as many facts as our space will admit. Correspondents should allow their names and addresses to appear; accounts of a supernatural character should be given to the public free from all suspicion.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE'S Address is—Manor House, 7, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea. At home on Mondays and Wednesdays from 2 till 5.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Two lines and under, 2s.; every additional line, 3d.; a reduction for a series.

All Advertisements, payable in advance, may be forwarded to Mr. J. H. Powell, *Spiritual Times* Office, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-st.

Advertisements for insertion in the current week must reach the Office on or before nine o'clock on Wednesday morning.

TO THE TRADE.—The *Spiritual Times* is published at Ten o'clock on Friday morning, at the *Spiritual Times* Office, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-st. and by Job Caudwell, 335, Strand

COMPLAINTS have reached us that the *Spiritual Times* does not always find its way to country subscribers. Those who have difficulty should send to us at the office 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., and we will forward it direct through the post. Subscribers taking four copies can have them post free, by remitting 8s. 8d. per quarter.

THE "SPIRITUAL TIMES" BY POST. To facilitate the obtaining of the *Spiritual Times*, packets will be sent direct from the Office post free to any part of the United Kingdom, by remitting, in advance, as under:—

Copies. Weeks. Weeks. Weeks.
1, 3d., or for 13, 3s. 3d. 26, 6s. 6d. 52, 13s.
2, 5d., " " 5s. 5d. " 10s. 6d. " 21s.
3, 6d., " " 6s. 6d. " 13s. 6d. " 26s.
6, 1s. " " 13s. 6d. " 26s. 6d. " 52s.

Post Office Orders must be made payable to Mr. J. H. Powell, at the Post Office, Rathbone-pl.

J. MURRAY SPEAR is again prepared to examine and prescribe for disease of body or mind, as Spirit Intelligences shall lead and direct him; and he will delineate the character and capacities of persons either when they are present or by their handwriting; and he will accept invitations to hold private conversations, or to give public addresses on the phenomena, philosophy, and the practical uses of Spiritualism. Business hours from 12 to 3. Address 146, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N. W.

THE ENGLISH LEADER. A Weekly Liberal Review.

"Conduciveness to Progress includes the whole excellence of a government."—J. S. MILL, M.P.

On January 6, 1866, (New Series). Price Twopence. Publishing Office, 282, Strand, London, W.C.

Price, 3s. 6d. Post free, 4s.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE, by D. D. HOME, neatly bound. A few Copies of this admirable Work may be had at the SPIRITUAL LYCEUM, 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.

Price Twopence. Post-free Threepence.

"WHAT SPIRITUALISM HAS TAUGHT." Reprinted from the *Spiritual Magazine*, may be had at the Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W.

This pamphlet is one of the most vigorous of Mr. Howitt's numerous writings on Spiritualism. It is in every way suitable for circulation.

Now Ready,
In one Vol., well bound. Post free, price, 5s.
Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster-row.

LIFE INCIDENTS AND POETIC PICTURES, by J. H. POWELL.

This work contains an account of the Author's remarkable Experiences in Mesmerism and Spiritualism, together with a judicious selection from his Poems.

May be obtained of the Author, SPIRITUAL LYCEUM, 14, Newman Street Oxford Street, W.

From the Examiner.

There are some curious details in his account of his life—good, because genuine transcripts of experience.

From the Observer, Oct, 22nd 1865.

Replete with interest . . . Will be found both instructive and amusing . . . The "Poetic Pictures" contain many passages of sterling merit.

Just ready. Price 6d. Post free, 7d.

A WORKING MAN'S VIEW OF TENNYSON'S "ENOCH ARDEN."

By J. H. POWELL.

May be had at the Spiritual Lyceum.

Now ready, price 6d.,

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE

First Convention of Progressive Spiritualists, recently held at Darlington, containing the Papers and Essays read, the Speeches and Discussions, with a Declaration of the Opinions and Purposes of Progressive Spiritualists. To which is appended the most complete Catalogue of Books on Spiritualism and Progress ever published. This little book contains nearly 90 pages, and is the cheapest English work on Spiritualism. Post free for seven stamps.

J. BURNS, Progressive Library, 1, Wellington-road, Camberwell, London, S., and all Booksellers.

NEW PSALM and HYMN TUNES, TE DEUM, and TWENTY-FOUR ORIGINAL CHANTS, Composed and Arranged, with voice parts complete, for the Organ, Harmonium, and Piano, by ROBERT COOPER.—Price 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

London: Novello & Co., 69, Dean Street, Soho.

The Harmonies, both in invention and arrangement, are musical to a very high degree, and, altogether, the work is one which can be strongly recommended, and will be sure to meet with approval.—*Brighton Guardian*

IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

Shortly will be published, in 8vo, Price 2s. 6d. a Complete Edition of

THE BIOLOGICAL REVIEW;

Conducted by KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, Esq., F.S.A., F.A.S.L.

The BIOLOGICAL REVIEW contains articles on Spiritual Philosophy, Mesmerism, Homeopathy, Philosophical Astrology, Medicine, Poetry, Reviews, &c., &c., by experienced writers, together with an entirely new Introduction, comprehending a retrospect glance at the last ten years of Spiritual Advancement, by the Editor.

As only a very limited number of this work will be issued, it is desirable for intending purchasers to make an early application.

Published at the Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-street, London, W.C.

ALPHABETS FOR SEANCES, A TWOPENCE EACH, to be had at the Lyceum.

A few copies of

ADIN BALLOU'S MODERN Spirit-Manifestations, published at 1s. 6d. May be had at the Spiritual Lyceum. 1s. each. Post free 1s. 2d.

This Work contains an admirable Preface of 48 pp., and an Appendix of 32 pp. by the English Editor.

MRS. L. H. LACY gives Clair-voyant Diagnoses of Disease and Character-Delineations at her rooms, 128, Albany-street, Regent's-park; N. W.

MR. AND MRS. WALLACE beg to announce that they have taken the Lyceum Hall, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, for a series of Friday Evening Séances to commence at 8 o'clock. Admission 1s.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM TRACTS.

NO. 1.—NICODEMIANS AND THOMASIANS, by WILLIAM HOWITT.

No. 3.—AN APPEAL TO THE CLERGY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUALISM, by ONE OF THEMSELVES. Now ready. Price Threepence.

No. 4.—WHAT IT IS TO BE A SPIRITUALIST, by Thomas Brevior.

No. 5.—FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS, by Robert Cooper.

No. 6.—SPIRITUALISM IN HARMONY WITH DIVINE REVELATIONS, by Dr. J. B. Ferguson.

No. 7.—LETTERS ON SPIRITUALISM, by William Howitt. Price Threepence.

An assortment of the above, 1s.

SPIRITUALISM; ITS FACTS AND PHASES, Illustrated with Personal Experiences, and Fac-Similes of Spirit-Writing, by J. H. Powell.

As an individual contribution to the general mass of testimony on this great topic of the age, it is very valuable.—*William Howitt*.

Mr. Powell's statements of the answers he received to queries are remarkable, and as he is evidently a truthful writer, we cannot do otherwise than advise the public to consult the work. * * * Many persons will read Mr. Powell's narrative with interest, for it has no lack of the marvellous set forth in vigorous language.—*Public Opinion*, March 12th, 1864.

The sum of the matter is, that if one has a curiosity to know what Spiritualism is, and what it actually aims at, he will gain a better and clearer view of it from Mr. Powell's volume than from any other that has yet been published, not even excepting that of the great apostle medium, Mr. Home himself.—*Caledonian Mercury*, March 12, 1864.

This is the fourth book that has recently come to our hands on the same subject, and, whilst it is the smallest, it is yet the most striking of all the former, perhaps, from the brevity with which the subject is presented, and the nature of the facts or assumptions with which it is crammed from first to last. * * * There is much, very much to excite thought, whether to compel conviction, or not. The enquiry is by no means the contemptible thing that many people wish to consider it. It deals with alleged facts, which, if true, are astounding; and, if false, still they are objects of interest, and they ought to be disposed of.—*British Standard*, March 18th, 1864.

To be had of the Author at the Lyceum. Price 2s., post free.

Now ready. In one volume, Demy 8vo., Post free, price 7s. 6d.

SUPRA-MUNDANE FACTS, IN THE LIFE OF J. B. FERGUSON; Including twenty years' observation of Preternatural Phenomena.

Edited by T. L. NICHOLS, M.D., author of "Forty Years of American Life," "Biography of the Brothers Davenport," &c., &c.

This book contains the personal experiences of Mr. Ferguson, and his observations, during twenty years, under favourable circumstances, and over a wide range of territory, of very remarkable phenomena, from the most striking physical, to the higher forms of psychical or spiritual, manifestations. It will also present, from the copious records of Mr. Ferguson, specimens of wisdom and philosophy given from the interior, and many facts orally related. The work of the editor will be the selection and the arrangement of the records furnished him, and the orderly narration of the facts, and he has reason to believe that no work of the present time contains accounts of more remarkable, varied and important phenomena than will be found in this volume.

All orders to be sent to Mr. J. H. POWELL, Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, W.

Printed and Published by the Proprietor, ROBERT COOPER, at the Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-st., Oxford-st., in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, January 13th, 1866.